

## VOX INDIE CLAMANTIS.

["'In their prosperity will be our strength, in their contentment our security, and in their gratitude our best reward.' The forthcoming debate on the Indian Budget reminds us that we have still to profit by the wise words of Queen VICTORIA."—*Daily Paper*.]

PROSPERITY!—when year by year

Grim poverty I see

Draw ever nearer and more near,  
Devouring all my children's gear—  
Why, what a mockery is here

Of Her benign decree!

What strength, O England, shall be thine  
When such prosperity is mine?

Contentment!—what contentment lies

In that poor slavish heart,  
That dumb despair, with sunken eyes,  
That bears its ills, and rather dies  
A thousand deaths than dare to rise

And play a freeman's part?

Ah, what security can be  
On such contentment based by thee?

My gratitude?—ah, empty name!

Thy charitable mites

But feed to-day the feeble frame  
That starves to-morrow; for the same  
Old wrong grows on untouched. I claim

Not charity, but rights—

England, what gratitude have I?  
Canst find reward in apathy?

## A DIALOGUE AT THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

(Which will be impossible unless the Army precedent is followed.)

*Special* (deferentially). Beg pardon, Sir, but will you please pass my despatch?

*Censor* (graciously). Fire away, and I will tell you when to stop.

*Special* (reading). "The torpedo boats are—"

*Censor* (interrupting). Oh, you had better not say anything about them.

*Special* (after using blue pencil). "The torpedo-catchers then—"

*Censor* (as before). Oh, we can't have anything about them. Cut again, please.

*Special* (annoyed). Very well, Sir. "The protecting fleet turn—"

*Censor* (interrupting). Oh, I say, you mustn't say anything about the protecting fleet.

*Special* (vexed). Very well, Sir. "The attacking fleet at this juncture—"

*Censor* (remonstrating). Oh, I say, you really mustn't refer to the attacking fleet. Look here. I daresay you have summed up the situation in your last sentence. What is it?

*Special*. "Everyone concerned is all at sea."

*Censor*. Capital! We are all at sea!

*Special* (to himself). Yes, and likely to continue so—until criticised!

[Scene closes in upon an ocean fog.]



## "A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS A DANGEROUS THING."

*Village Doctor*. "HOW IS YOUR HUSBAND TO-DAY, MRS. BROWN?"

*Mrs. Brown*. "OH, EVER SO MUCH BETTER, DOCTOR, THANK YOU KINDLY. THESE LAST FEW DAYS HE'S BEEN UNCOMMON CROSS, BUT THIS MORNING HIS TEMPER IS QUITE NORMAL."

## HOW TO BE HAPPY AS A HOUSEHOLDER.

MY DEAR BLANCHE,—You will be glad to hear that we are ever so much more comfortable than we used to be. You will remember that when you stayed with us a week or so ago dinner was delayed a couple of hours one evening because something had gone wrong either with the kitchen chimney or, what is more probable, with the cook. Now we have our meals regular as clockwork—beautifully served and excellent in quality.

Then mamma is thrice as happy, as all the bothering household duties are done for her by someone else. She hasn't to worry day after day about store order forms and the rest of it. Finally, the pater (as the boys call him) is radiant, because he says he "now knows where he is from a financial point of view." He never did before when he was for ever drawing cheques for "house." So we are all pleased.

Yours affectionately, POLLIE.

P.S.—I forgot to tell you that we have let our house, and are living at a hotel.

## THE RIVER REVELLERS.

Who's for the River? just see what a rioting,  
Fluttering fairies in airiest frocks,  
Creamy creations the male heart disquieting,  
Naiads of back-waters, willows and locks.  
Dainty town daughters in open-worked bodices,  
Conveyed by cousins in piqué so spick,  
Rosy-cheeked, brown-fingered, jimp water-goddesses  
Fleeing the district of mortar and brick.

Ladies excitable scuttling and scampering,  
Laughing with glee as they rush to and fro,  
Groups of old stagers, their quick footsteps hampering,  
Wondering why they are hurrying so.  
Fathers in flannel fig breathless and bustling—  
(Rich ruby face neath the gay Panama),  
In the long queue at the ticket-box hustling,  
Waiting for tickets to bear them afar.

Mad, merry misses, intent on a summer-y  
Slaughter of hearts in an innocent way,  
Actors and actresses, shorn of their mummery,  
Off for a quite unprofessional play.  
Bachelors, bearing big baskets in duty bound—  
Precious pro-visions for luncheons and teas;  
Happy festivities with radiant beauty crown'd,  
Lobster and love and youth under the trees.

Gauzy girls tripping with fellows in duck and drill,  
Going by through train to Henley, you see,  
Languishing ladies with marvellous tuck and frill—  
Launching and lunching their programme's to be.  
Porters with pillows—soft lining for punt are they,  
Cushiony couches one does not disdain;  
Bronzed army officers—back from the front are they—  
Just stepping into the Maidenhead train.

Oh, the mad whirl at the Paddington terminus,  
Meeting acquaintances, nodding to friends,  
If of good fellowship we have a germ in us  
Tone to our spirits such frolicking lends.  
Bright, happy faces a-peeping 'mid billowy  
Wavelets of muslin and eddying lawn;  
Thrice happy revellers, supple and willowy,  
By the delights of the dear river drawn!

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*The Grip of the Book Maker* (HUTCHINSON) will be extended to the ordinary reader, who will find himself held in it till the end of the last chapter. There is, of course, nothing new in the leading idea of the book—a young man with educational and social advantages purchased with the money of a well-meaning but illiterate and, on the whole, undesirable parent. With a variation it is the foundation of what my Baronite regards as one of the two best, the one least widely known, of DICKENS'S novels. That is the only point of resemblance with *Great Expectations*. Mr. PERCY WHITE goes his own way, and a pleasant one it proves, with his sketches of high life in London, designed on the whole to make persons of lower estate content with their lot.

*Souvenir of Sir Arthur Sullivan* (GEORGE NEWNES) is perhaps not the best title Mr. WALTER WELLS (no relation to JOHN WELLINGTON of that clan) might have chosen. More especially in this connection is it suggestive of those not too-costly gifts managers of theatres present to the audience on the fiftieth, or, happier still, the hundredth night of the performance of the piece. Apart from this minor criticism the work is well done, and beautifully printed. The sketch of the life and works of dear ARTHUR, a man whom to know was to love, is considerably added to by a series of illustrations, including photographs of

the great musician, from the days when he stood in the quaint costume of the Children of the Chapels Royal till he sat at a gilt and carved and highly uncomfortable table, a worn-out man, smartly dressed, posing for his photograph. Of special interest are facsimiles of pages of his music done by his own hand. On loftier range in art and history is the photograph of "W. S. GILBERT at Work." "GILBERT," writes Mr. WALTER J. WELLS, unconsciously dropping into the style of JOHN WELLINGTON, "never writes at a desk. He has a favourite easy chair of red leather which he takes with him wherever he goes. When working, he sits with his legs stretched out on a stool, *exactly the same height*, and writes upon a pad on his lap." Struggling authors will here find disclosed the secret of supreme success. The italics are my Baronite's.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

## MY SPORTING LIFE: A RETROSPECT;

Or, Gambling Parsonified.

["Those who imagined that the last 'sporting parson' had disappeared from the Church of England are quite mistaken, for in this week's *Church Times* a clergyman who boldly adopts the time-honoured pseudonym writes a long letter asking whether gambling is really a sin, and he comes to the conclusion that it is not. . . . As an undergraduate he used to attend Newmarket out of sheer love of horseflesh, and at the University Steeplechases he and his friends frequently made bets, and the reckoning up of their gains and losses added much to the fun of the day. Same with cards—always for small sums."—*Daily Telegraph*, July 23.]

THOUGH Time has taught me something of discretion,

And on my blooming cheek has pressed a finger,

I do not blush to make the small confession

That still I love to let fond mem'ry linger

O'er former days when I, a verdant scholar—

A Church of England minister prospective—

Was wont to back my fancy for a dollar.

Ah! happy is the habit retrospective.

What were the Muses nine? What were the Graces,

Ecclesiastic tutoring and knowledge,

To one fair day spent at the Steeplechases,

So warmly patronised by our college?

My love of horseflesh so predominated

My taste for Christian creeds or heathen gods,

That to accept I never hesitated

A smallish bet at rather longish odds.

Ah! happy day, when from the race returning,

Our several gains and losses then we reckoned,

Ah, joy! to such as with an eye discerning

Ne'er backed a horse to win that came in second.

Ah! who will say that I had ta'en a ramble

Within the precincts of a wicked sinner?

I think myself I did not wrong to gamble—

I always toddled home a tidy winner.

And oh! the days before a parson's choker

Proscribed in some degree my love of gaming,

Those cosy little parties of draw poker!

Myself I really cannot think of blaming.

Except on one occasion when a bluffer

By standing pat on nothing proved a winner,

The limit best—I went out like a duffer—

I should have seen him. Then I was a sinner!

Those days are gone; but still I am not lacking

In those proclivities which folk call sporting,

My fancy still occasionally backing,

Altho' to methods different resorting.

Instead of taking odds at Goodwood races,

Or making little books on the regattas,

I speculate upon the pairs of braces

I'm likely to receive, and such like matters.

W. H. M.



## RE-ENGAGED.

*Alfred the Parnassian Circus-rider (to Pegasus).* "I'VE GOT THE JOB AGAIN! COME UP, PEGGY! HOUP-LÀ!" (*sings.*)

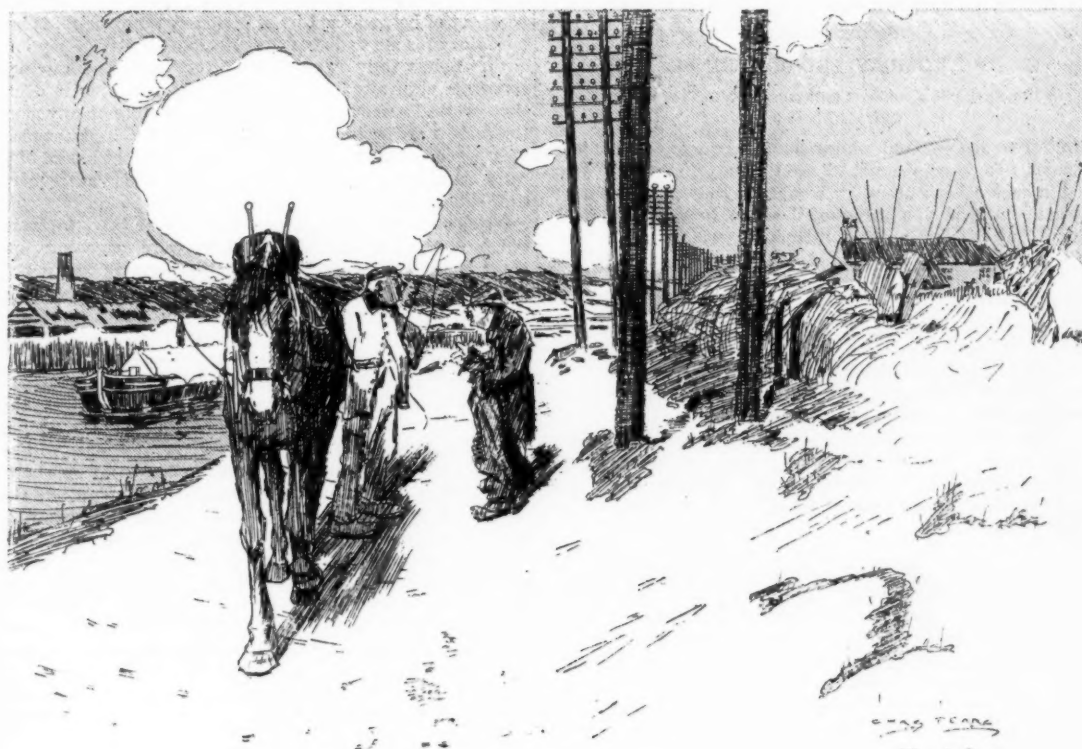
"'TIS I WOULD BE THE LAUREATE BOLD,  
WITH A BUIT OF SHERRY  
TO KEEP ME MERRY

AND NOTHING TO DO BUT TO POCKET THE GOLD!"—*Bon Gaultier's Ballads.*

[Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN has been duly re-appointed to the post of Poet Laureate.]







### PROHIBITIVE TERMS.

*Tramp.* "ELLO, MISTER, WOULD YER MIND GIVIN' ME A LIFT AS FAR AS BRENTFORD? I'LL WORK MY PASSAGE."

*Boothauler.* "OHL RIGHT, MATE. TAKE 'OLD O' THE 'ORSE'S 'EAD AN' LEAD!"

#### "DELUSIONS."

##### I.

A LADY somewhat *passée* wants to play the juvenile,  
(And as *Juliet* or *Rosalind* to lead).  
So will practise by the hour winsome way and sunny smile,  
And she finds a deal of practising they need.  
She's matronly ingenuous and flits across the stage  
In delightful seventeen's seductive way;  
But through your opera-glasses you can estimate her age—  
And you swear that "she is forty, if a day."

Rouge, hare's-foot, powder-puff and dye,  
A wig, of ruddy gold, she'll buy,  
(With other kinds of panoply essential to her art).  
She will fancy both her acting  
And appearance are attracting,  
And think she looks perfection when she's made up for the  
part.

##### II.

You may have met a City man who boasts about his yacht;  
At Cowes he points it out—and you admire.  
He says his "soul 's in racing," but you're confident 'tis not,  
Though he struts in Comic Opera sea attire.  
He always is romancing of the perils of the deep,  
Of a cyclone he encountered in the Bay;  
As you've seen him on a Calais boat it sounds a trifle steep,  
For before you'd reached Mid-Channel he looked grey.

He's quite aware the restless sea  
Does not agree with such as he,  
So from the Esplanade or pier will rarely make a start,  
But dressed in serge (with buttons brass),  
He'll keenly eye the weather glass,  
And think he looks perfection when he's made up for the  
part.

##### III.

If a fussy little tradesman, in a neighbourhood effete,  
As Mayor of Borough Council gets elected,  
He soon begins to fancy that his brains are hard to beat,  
Though hitherto they've never been detected.  
As patron of Suburbia he'll proudly stroll about,  
(He is something now beyond the common clay);  
But for acme of amusement you ought to hear him "spout"—  
A performance quite as good as any play.

He wants a chain and badge to wear,  
Some footmen tall, with powdered hair,  
A gilded coach, with coat of arms, to supersede the cart,  
A robe—he'll simply grab it  
(It is red and trimmed with rabbit),  
And think he looks perfection when he's made up for the  
part.

HUAN MEE.

ADVICE TO PROPRIETOR OF A THEATRE.—"Let it."

ADVICE TO THEATRICAL SPECULATOR.—"Let it alone."

## THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

SECOND SERIES.

## VII.—THE HOLIDAY PROGRAMME SECTION.

(With the Author's apologies and compliments to the writers imitated below.)

JULY 1ST TO 5TH.—"And where shall we go for our summer elopement this year, dearest?" said JOCELYN, as they stood locked in each other's arms. "Would Nuremberg suit you?"

"What route do you propose?" asked ROSABEL, suddenly practical, and extricating herself from his grasp.

"I suggest the Hook of Holland and the Rhine to Mayence. Have you any prejudices in the matter?"

"How do you get to the Hook of Holland?"

"By the Great Eastern, from Liverpool Street to Harwich. But why this unwomanly regard for detail? I hardly know you, ROSABEL, in this new attitude."

"Is Liverpool Street the only starting-point for Harwich?" She insisted with a strange perseverance.

"ROSABEL, ROSABEL, you have changed surprisingly since our last elopement. Is it the influence of your second marriage? You never talked like this before. You were never importunate about termini. Can you have lost your old confidence in me?"

"Never, never! But we must be frank with one another, and face the truth. We shall have many embarrassments to contend with in our coming irregular career; let us not anticipate them; let us at least hold together, you and I. Is Liverpool Street the only starting-point for Harwich?"

"Yes, a thousand times yes. And now kindly explain."

A sigh of satisfaction escaped from ROSABEL. "Dearest," she said, "between those who love no explanation should be needed. But I too will be frank with you. I have not lived this long, weary time apart from you without growing older and knowing more of the world. Never again, with my eyes open, will I elope with anyone on a system with alternative routes, such as the Chatham and South-Eastern. Have you already forgotten the *fasco* of our first elopement? How it fell through, as it were, between two stools—namely, Victoria and Charing Cross? And my first husband lying dead at the time, and I ignorant of that *fait accompli*? It is by these little accidents—an unforeseen change of terminus at the last moment, for instance—that the entire destinies of two lives may be permanently bifurcated. But for those alternative routes we might have reached Marseilles together, read of my first husband's death in the papers, got married at the consulate, and been an honest man and woman ever afterwards."

"Honest," ROSABEL? What is this new talk of technical virtue, based on signatures before witnesses? Do you, after all, regret the step we are once more taking in defiance of social tradition? *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*. This is the second of the kind."

"No, my love, I am not drawing back. But a second elopement, even with the same man, can never be quite the same thing. The first prompt, instinctive glow is irrevocably gone. One becomes rational, almost worldly in one's unworldliness. But my mind is fixed; I shall not fail you. To-night, then, at Liverpool Street, for the Hook." (She smiled a little pathetically at this unpremeditated pleasantry). "You will get the tickets—single tickets, of course. I must go home for my Church Service and hand-mirror, and to leave a p.p.c. on my second husband. Remember! Liverpool Street."

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS (in *The Serious Wooing*).

6TH TO 10TH.—It did not fall, gentlemen, within the scope of my original scheme to confide to you my arrangements for spending the summer vacation. Never voluntarily will I withdraw the veil of privacy from my retirement. But having

already admitted my intention of ploughing my furrow alone to the utter end, I am compelled to throw further light upon my plans. For, if I am to anticipate, as a contingency, the prospect of being joined by others in my enterprise, it becomes necessary for me to define the precise locality of my intended tilth. Being fully cognisant of the fact that the ordinary furrow is naturally limited in the opportunities it offers, and that, while I reserve the freedom of desisting at any moment if the furrow prove too tedious, I do not wish to consummate my task prematurely, I have felt bound to select a field of practically boundless range. The Sahara occurred to me as answering to this description.

I propose, therefore, in the full heat of July, to issue from the site of Carthage, whose ruins were once sat upon by MARIUS (an historical figure that has always had a poignant interest for me), and plough, with the permission of the French and other Governments, in a southerly direction, with Cape Town for my objective; thus covering in a bee-line the entire length of the Dark Continent. Of the adaptability of much of the soil to the uses of the plough I am uncertain: but I have confidence that at least the Sahara will provide the kind of material with which our Liberal implements are familiar.

If I fail to get to the Cape Colony alive, my friends will be good enough to attribute that misfortune rather to my own hardihood than to any neglect on the part of the Foreign and Colonial Offices. Beyond that point, if I meet with the enemy, I shall plead non-combatancy, and, if detained a prisoner, shall send for my books. Assuming that I reach my ultimate destination in solitude, I shall return to my library by the next steamer. And, finally, if I attain my end in company of others, I really cannot tell you what will ensue, as I am myself at present in ignorance of the proper sequel to such a juncture. Understand that I crave the company of none; but in case my movements should be matter for curiosity to any prospective supporter, the Sahara will find me until further intimation. ROSEBERY.

11TH, 12TH.—To the glazed eye, dull with yearlong routine, and avid of colour and incident, Yarmouth brings relief with the bronze of her bloaters. On your seaward breakfast-table they lie, a point of diurnal pungency; eloquent, too, of suggestion. Salt, that was the breath of their life, is the stuff of their embalming. Not here, in the trite phrase, was death the cure of ill, save for a brief interspace. Then that which gave its savour to existence was itself made the cure of death, last ill of all.

That is why Yarmouth, for all its pier and sable minstrelsy, is still the inviolable hermitage of tired hearts. Its salt is something better than Attie. It breathes, as Athens never wholly breathed in her prime, the continuity of existence. It is vocal with the rhythm of death cured and corrected.

ALICE MEYNELL.

13TH TO 17TH.—"I want a new place to be a hero in!" The speaker ended, as he began, abruptly. Silence is golden, but the next best thing is that your words should be fit and few. He was a strong man, but his eye had the quiet reserve that may sometimes be found with strength, a combination always attractive. There were lines, too, about his mouth that revealed a capacity for pathos as well as humour.

None of these characteristics, except perhaps his strength (a dangerous thing if allied to madness), imposed itself upon the observation of the young man whom he addressed—a clerk in the office of MESSRS. GAZE, CATCHEM AND COOK.

"Is it a holiday tour you want?" he asked, tentatively.

"Mention a few novelties," replied the strong, quiet man.

"We are booking a good deal for the interior of Turkey," said the clerk.

"Fought at Plevna," replied the strong, quiet man.

"Then we have the Steppes of Russia on our new list."

"Sbogom—Lord love you! Sowed wild oats there years ago."

"Or a little round in Spain or Holland, personally conducted?"

"Quien sabe? Hoe laat is het? Speak the languages."

"Or say West Africa, perhaps? We are fitting out a small punitive expedition."

"Played with Edged Tools there in my youth."

"Or Patagonia? The very latest thing in explorations!"

"Ah! I have never been a hero there. Any other heroes pioneering in those parts?"

"Only one that I know of, and he's just back from tracking the Big Sloth."

"Sloth is a great impediment to enterprise."

"I said the Big Sloth."

"That makes it no better. Quantity is no excuse for bad quality. But, tell me, are the natives of Patagonia good and beautiful?"

"We have no reports to the contrary," said the clerk.

"A noble wife is a gift of the gods," said the strong man, absent-mindedly. Then, recovering himself, he added, "I will trouble you for a Tierra del Fuego Conversation Guide. *Mille remerciements! Leb'wohl. Hasta mañana. Che sarà sarà.*"

HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

(To be continued.) O. S.

#### AS USUAL.

DAPHNE, now the time of year

Us to holidays invites,  
While the vulgar, far and near,  
Revel in their crude delights,  
We, endowed with proper pride,  
From their revels stand aside.

Let us, dearest, not affect  
Vapid pleasures such as theirs;  
With a sense of self-respect

Let us take our change of "airs,"  
While our pleasures (yours and mine)  
With improvement we combine.

Say then: strata shall we trace,  
While the rocks our hammer breaks?  
Or, with Keswick as a base,  
Do religiously the lakes?  
Or a sally Lunn afford,  
Where we may be lodged—and bored?

Or, at Oxford shall we spend  
An improving week or so,  
While its influences extend  
Over us a lofty glow,  
While from Culture's well, with awe,  
Samples gratis we shall draw?

Of the channels these provide  
Education to impart,  
If on one you won't decide,  
DAPHNE, since to-day we start,  
We shall be compelled to fall  
Back on Margate, after all.

A MYSTERY FROM SHOEBOURY.—When does the cannon ball? When the Vickers-Maxim.



"I'VE JUST LEFT MR. BRAYNE, AND IT'S QUITE A RELIEF TO MEET YOU. HE IS SO INTELLECTUAL, YOU KNOW!"

#### A LAST APPEAL.

[The *Lancet* is of opinion that man should not have his meals alone. His food is far more likely to agree with him when partaken of in company.]

SWEET! though a word from you would bind

My future and your own much closer,  
You have not yet made up your mind  
Whether to answer "Yes" or "No, Sir!"  
Let it be "Yes," for here indeed  
Is reason good for you to chance it;  
Be influenced by what you read  
Among the columns of the *Lancet*.

"Man should not take his meals alone!"  
This stated as a simple fact is.  
If you'll consent to be my own,  
We'll put this precept into practice.  
Though little love you have to spare,  
Why not let pity solve the question?  
For, only think, my lady fair,  
How you can help my poor digestion!

At breakfast-time—supposing that  
This charitable job you take on—

No longer shall I dread the fat  
That usually surrounds my bacon.  
Though eggs be stale, yet who shall note  
Of discontent the slightest whisper?  
You'll help the coffee down my throat,  
And make my toast seem all the crisper.

At dinner, too, your charming face  
Will make a difference surprising;  
In the *hors d'œuvres* I'm sure to trace  
A flavour far more appetising.  
Soup, fish and joint will all entice,  
Though feeble be the cook's resources;  
And I shall dream of Paradise  
Before I've finished half the courses.

Then, later on, your presence still  
Shall haunt me like some gay enchanter,  
And hover round each glass I fill  
From out the trustworthy decanter.  
For nothing then will disagree,  
Dyspepsia won't make me shiver.  
Oh, be my bride, and you will see  
How Love shall triumph o'er the Liver!

P. G.



## THE AGE OF CULTURE.

[“If a SHAKESPEARE or a THACKERAY were writing now, it is doubtful if he would find a publisher.”—*Daily Paper*.]

SCENE—A Publisher's Sanctum.

*Chorus of Authors.*

IN these enlightened days  
Of taste and culture rare,  
When souly School Boards raise  
Their standards everywhere,  
When ignorance is dead,  
And vulgar folly dumb,  
And pupil teachers shed  
Refinement on the slum;  
When babes that scarce can walk  
Are taught to sing and dance,  
And even learn to talk  
The dainty tongue of France;  
Our work is sure to find  
Appreciative praise  
From every cultured mind  
In these enlightened days.

*First Author.* A humble poet I  
That spent my eager youth  
In seeking after Truth—  
I sought her low and high.  
Through fortune good and ill  
One passion filled my heart—  
To mingle Truth with Art,  
And show her truthful still.  
My days among the dead,  
The deathless dead, were past;  
With them my lot was cast,  
Their mighty minds I read.  
Athenian SOPHOCLES  
And SHAKESPEARE, fancy's child,  
Warbling his woodnotes wild—  
My boon companions these.  
And now a humble play,  
The fruit of toilsome years,  
I bring with hopes and fears,  
And at thy feet I lay.

*Publisher.* A Shakspearian play? Oh, take it away!  
It's the very last thing that one needs.  
Demand there is none, for Shakspeare is one  
That nobody now-a-days reads.  
It's dull, stodgy stuff—not sensation enough—  
Too poetical—calls for some brains.  
A man who will write in blank verse gives you quite  
Unsuitable reading for trains.

*First Au.* Then you decline my drama?

*Pub.* Yes, I do;  
It's quite unsaleable. Now, what have you?

*Second Au.* No SHAKESPEARE I. With humbler pen  
I only seek to tell  
The follies and the faults of men  
That round about me dwell;  
To paint them as in truth they are,  
Wise, foolish, grave and gay—  
Content to follow from afar  
My master THACKERAY.

*Pub.* My thanks to you! Pray, don't undo  
Your parcel; there's no reason!  
Remember, please, such works as these  
Are wholly out of season.

Such stuff as that to-day falls flat;  
The public want more savour.  
Take my advice, and give them spice  
With lots and lots of flavour.

*Chorus of Authors* Oh! oh! oh!

Ah, what a situation!  
Alas, unhappy nation,  
With all its education!  
Wo! Wo! Wo!

I'm sorry for the nation;  
But what's my situation  
Without a publication?

*Third Au.* I do not doubt, good Sir,  
That heavy your distress is—  
Alas, poor publisher,  
Sans up-to-date MSS.  
But dry the starting tear  
And list to me a minute—  
I think I've something here  
That may have money in it.  
Her name is ELIZABETH.

*Pub.* Good!

*Third Au.* She lives in a garden.

*Pub.* She should.

*Third Au.* She writes a love-letter.

*Pub.* Still better and better!

*Third Au.* And pours out her sorrows.

*Pub.* She would.

*Third Au.* If I purpose withholding my name,  
I hope you'll agree to the same?

*Pub.* Anonymous? Splendid!  
Our sorrows are ended.

*Third Au.* You'll publish my novel?

*Pub.* I'm game.

*Together.* Dame Fortune no longer looks glum;  
The voice of our sorrow is dumb. [*They dance.*  
But there's no time for capers,  
Let's off to the papers  
To write the advertisements! Come!

G. K. M.

## THE NEW PROFESSION.

[“Signor ROSARIO BUFFALINO, who has been in prison for a number of crimes, but has succeeded in escaping, has written to the *Giornale di Sicilia* that he has just formed a band of brigands; he proposes to begin business in the New Year, and to administer justice according to the teaching of Holy Writ.”—*Daily Mail*.]

FOR judges and juries and prisons of stone  
I don't care the least little fig, and  
I'm anxious to let it be publicly known  
That I shortly propose to set up on my own  
As a highly respectable brigand.

If you writhe 'neath a wrong you can write me a note;  
On receipt of your valued advices  
Your foe will be pistolled, or slit in the throat,  
Or stabbed, or found drowned in his own castle moat,  
At exceedingly moderate prices.

Your commands, like the tyrants of whom you complain,  
I will execute promptly, and ever  
By strictest attention I hope I may gain  
Your favour and patronage, which to retain  
Shall be my continued endeavour.

MEM. FOR YACHT-OWNERS.—If you are inviting a party to go sailing with you for three or four weeks, take good care that it is a thorough good company, able to enjoy the roughest weather; in fact, a specially sea-leg'd lot.



## TO MY QUEEN—OF THE ROSES.

(At a Rose Show.)

ROSES in dazzling dresses  
Shook out their perfumed tresses,  
Such glory ne'er was seen.  
In trembling odour swaying,  
Their blooming charms displaying,  
Each claimed to be the queen,  
Their sweets about did fling  
In inter-whispering  
Their title to be queen.  
And ne'er among the flowers  
Born of the golden hours  
Was such sweet turmoil seen.  
In midst whereof my queen  
Was by the roses seen;  
Their titles all they hushed.  
And at the lovely sight  
Grew many roses white,  
And other roses blushed.

## THE ANTI-GREEN PARK.

MISTER PUNCH, MY DISTINGUISHED FRIEND AND COLLEAGUE,—I ask your pardon to address you. I have now been in your great city for many years, and although I know the Vauxhall Bridge Road and Leicester Square better than the other parts, still I feel able to advise you.

You are about to spend some millions of francs in altering your Green Park. Good! But let it be done wisely. I hear your present intention is to take a slice of Piccadilly and make it road, leaving a narrow neck at Hyde Park Corner, and another narrow neck at your street of St. James. Is this wise? I say No, a thousand times No! Why do you not imitate the Continent—as you call all Europe save your own little island—in this direction? Why should there not be a road (like that in the Champs Elysées) for the children? Why should not Mr. Punch himself appear in his own show? He might be accompanied by Madame and the dog, and—for a while—by the baby. It would be delightful, and how pleased the children would be! And why not cafés? And even a Kursaal might be established like the excellent one just started at Southend. Roads might be made here, there, and everywhere. It would not cost much if the land had not to be purchased. And there might be a garden for strange animals—like the one in the Bois de Boulogne. I have been told—and I do not think he that gave the story was what you call pulling my leg—that there is already a *Jardin d'acclimatation* in the Park of St. James. Why not bring it to your Green Park?

Above all, there is a blot which should be removed. Away with your Vilainton! He is too much!

Receive my consideration the most distinguished.

(Signed) AN INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER

(French.)



*Diminutive Nursemaid (to Angler, who has not had a bite for hours). "OH, PLEASE, SIR, DO LET BABY SEE YOU CATCH A FISH!"*

## SERENADE OF THE ELECTRIC FUTURE.

["Dr. HERDMAN, of the University of Michigan, declares that after experimenting on guinea-pigs, he can fatten swine by means of electricity. If pigs, why not human beings?"—*Philadelphia Post, abridged.*]

My gentle JANE, I see with pain  
That you with love are thinner.  
Though quaffing stout you don't fill out,  
Yet never spurn your dinner.  
Your once round arm has lost its charm,  
Your cheeks are drawn and wan-like,  
Your shoulders bare are very spare,  
Your neck 's, alas! too swan-like.

(Refrain.)

O! lady mine do not repine  
At your emaciation,

But try the cure alert and sure  
That 's called electrization,  
Tra-lal-la-la! Tra-lal-la-la!  
O! blest electrization!

Like to a ghost or whipping-post  
I, too, defied all stuffing,  
A course of "watts" has given lots  
Of rich organic puffing.  
I proudly own to eighteen stone,  
And still increase in matter;  
So, love, with me electric be,  
Together we 'll be fatter!

(Refrain.)

So, lovely JANE, your weight regain  
With gentle jubilation,  
No longer lank, great HERDMAN thank  
For this electrization.  
Tra-lal-la-la! Tra-lal-la-la!  
This plump electrization!



*War-Office Genius.* "NOW THIS IS ANOTHER OF MY BRILLIANT IDEAS, THE SHELTER TRENCH EXERCISE. OF COURSE, I KNOW THE TRENCH IS THE WRONG WAY ABOUT, AND THAT, WHEN THEY HAVE FINISHED IT, THEY HAVE TO FIRE INTO THE WOOD THEY ARE DEFENDING, AND THEN TURN ABOUT AND CHARGE AWAY FROM THE WOOD, BUT, THEN! WE GET A CAPITAL BANK AND DITCH MADE ROUND OUR PLANTATIONS, WITH PRACTICALLY NO EXPENSE!"

*Mr. Punch.* "AND THIS IS WHAT YOU CALL INSTRUCTING THE VOLUNTEERS?"

#### A HOME-COMING.

[The *Saxon*, with Lieutenant-General BADEN-POWELL on board, arrived at Southampton on July 25.]

BETTER late, B.-P., than never—England greets you once again, Many-sided Boer-baffler, home at last from toil and strain.

Fourteen months and more we've waited, one and all your hand to clasp,  
Since the day your band of heroes were released from SNYMAN'S grasp.

WHITE we've welcomed back and BULLER, ROBERTS with an extra cheer,  
MILNER, C.I.V.'s and Yeomen, marking this historic year.

Homeward too from o'er the oceans other Empire-champions came,  
CROMER, CLAUDE MACDONALD, WILLCOCKS, each to win his meed of fame.

Some there are, alas! who never may re-seek their native shore;  
STEEVENS, WAUCHOPE, many another in the *veldt* sleep evermore.

Time has flown; but not forgotten is the tale of Mafeking!  
Who that lived that Day in London could forget its echoing ring?

How the Town broke into bunting, Piccadilly to Mile-End!  
How each man for joy saluted every other man as friend!

How we crowded to the City in an orgy of delight,  
Tumbled out of bed for gladness, waving Union Jacks all night!

Even if we overdid it after deadening suspense,  
Better this than anti-British Queen's Hall windbags' insolence!

Though we later coined a playful word, our soberer sense to show,  
I would rather "maffick" daily than abet a treacherous foe!

Well, may be 'twere best your hoped-for coming-home has been delayed,  
Else had last year's throngs their idol lionised past doctors' aid!  
A. A. S.

#### "WHERE WERE THE POLICE?"

MISS TABITHA PRYM, who is the very pink of propriety, after reading aloud to her old friend and employer, Mrs. Q. PROPPER, the Naval and Military Intelligence in the *Times*, one day last week, came across this passage:

"There is every reason to hope that Messrs. WARING, the Royal Upholsterers, whose men are working in day and night shifts"—here the two elderly ladies paused and regarded each other in considerable astonishment, then Miss PRYM, after both had coughed dubiously, continued—"will be able to leave the yacht before the end of the week."

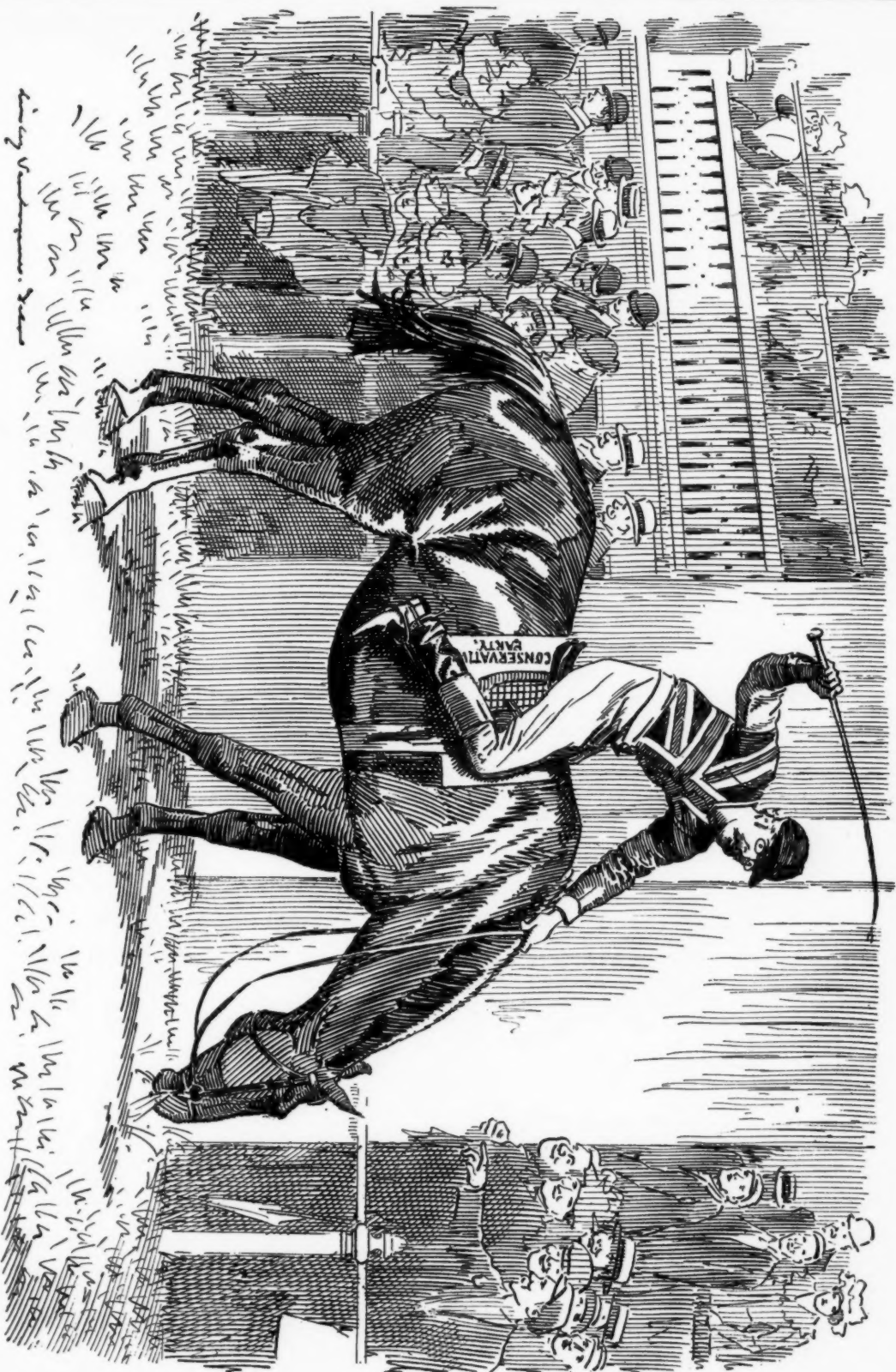
"Good gracious! my dear," exclaimed Mrs. Q. P. "Leave the yacht in their day and night . . . ! I can't believe it! Read something else."

#### COME!

COME to me now, when freezing frost has frozen  
The sunlit radiance of life's waterway;  
Come to me now, the moment's not ill-chosen,  
Come to me now, or ever stay away.

Come, though a torrent's force, outpouring madly,  
Fills all the air with adjectival flood;  
For I shall soon be taken very badly,  
Unless you help to find my collar stud.

ARTHUR B-L-E-R (the Jockey). "NO FIELD AGAINST ME! BUT I CAN'T GET HIM EVEN TO WALK OVER! IF MUST BE HIS DINNER HOUR."  
[After all, we must be practical; we must descend to the lower subject of human contrivance, and we must admit that the great advantage of a successful division is the necessity of obtaining some dinner.]



## THE END OF THE PARLIAMENTARY "FLAT" SEASON.

ARTHUR BLAIR (the Jockey). "NO FIELD AGAINST ME! BUT I CAN'T GET HIM EVEN TO WALK OVER! IT MUST BE HIS DINNER HOUR."

"After all, we must be practical; we must descend to the lower subject of human contemplation, and we must admit that the great adversary of a successful division is the necessity of obtaining some dinner."

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## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, July 22.—Small minds disposed to scoff when, the vision of the housemaid crossing the MARKISS's eye, he thinks it worthy of mention in the High Court of Parliament. Profounder students of human nature will find in it a charming note of domesticity flecking the purple of the Premiership. However it be, the topic and cognate matters are irresistible. Nothing seemed more unlikely in Lords to-night than that the PREMIER would make a speech that should overcome his predecessor's indisposition to interpose in public affairs.

A sultry afternoon; less than two score Peers present. First business, motion by STANMORE to re-establish the Fine Arts Commission of 1842. PREMIER dozed on till STANMORE, after some talk about pictures, began, as the MARKISS put it, to tell us of stains on various carpets, to criticise certain wall-paper. Promptly rising when STANMORE made an end of speaking, the MARKISS eagerly said, "I quite sympathise with the wish of the noble lord that all wall-paper should be pretty and all carpets should be clean. But the point is, what is the remedy, what is the mode of achieving this end?"

Then STANMORE insisted there was delicate ironwork to be made, dainty wood-carving to be achieved. "These things," continued the MARKISS, shaking his head, "are, I think, calculated to send a cold shudder down the back of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. They," he added in hollow voice, "can be attained only by expenditure of money. Why want such a Commission? Why part with the supervision of Parliament, or the executive power of the Government in matters of art?"

On this a vision in turn crossed the active mind of Lord ROSEBURY. "I should



"The MARKISS's eye slowly roved over the benches opposite."

be very sorry," he said, "to see the noble MARKISS followed by a staff, passing through the Private View of the Royal Academy with a marked catalogue in his hand, noting the purchases he intends to make on behalf of the public."

Another vivid picture flashed by ROSEBURY through the half empty House was hung on a peg supplied by STANMORE's suggestion that portraits of leading statesmen should adorn the walls of Parliament. "I think," he said, "there would be an invidiousness about hanging statesmen in this House."

The MARKISS, preparing to go to sleep again, woke up; his eye slowly roved over the Benches opposite. He did not say anything, but there was that in his expressive countenance which indicated he did not go the full length of the noble Earl's statement. As a rule the proposition was sound; but there are possible exceptions to every rule.

*Business done.*—In Commons, after brisk debate, PRINCE ARTHUR carries motion suspending Twelve o'clock Rule for rest of Session. Says there is no need for Prorogation to be deferred beyond 17th.

"Begorra, we'll see about that," say the Irish Members, whose well-earned increment is calculated at rate per diem, and does not run through the recess.

*Tuesday night.*—It is a tradition at the Treasury that during REGINALD EARLE WELBY, K.C.B.'s term of office as Permanent Secretary, whenever estimates were submitted from any of the spending Departments, he responded, "Can't you cut 'em down?" Conspicuous ability, high service to the State, leading to a peerage, question arose as to what title he would select. Colleagues at the Treasury were prompt and unanimous in

suggestion. Lord CUT-'EM-DOWN was obvious. The new Peer, avoiding the picturesque, was satisfied with ennobling his family name, and as Lord WELBY has through seven years suffered the pangs of silence in House of Lords. What the discipline must have been to him his many friends will know.

To-night broke the spell. Delivered luminous speech on condition of national expenses. Through it all ran the old refrain, "Cut 'em down."

The MARKISS evidently impressed. "I am not an agricultural labourer," BOBBY SPENCER once remarked, standing at Table of House of Commons in immaculate morning costume. Said the MARKISS, "I have only a very lay and uninstructed intelligence to bring to bear on the accumulated learning which many years of distinguished public service have enabled the noble lord to gather."

Thus the MARKISS, rising, as it were, to propose a vote of thanks to the learned lecturer. What "a very lay intelligence" may be is not immediately clear. It finds its parallel in CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES's remark the other night in another place. "I rose very largely," he said, "to give the UNDER-SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS an opportunity to explain."

PRINCE ARTHUR, beginning to think that we can have too much even of the CAP'EN, privately expressed a hope that the old salt would be content to present himself at question time in his usual size. That the MARKISS, master of phrases, should have blundered on a faulty one is striking testimony to impression wrought by Lord WELBY's discourse.

*Business done.*—In Commons, LOWTHER, J. W., back after week's absence in



The Henley Division.



Lord B-l-c-r-r-s reflect

company of gout. A hearty cheer from both sides paid tribute to his successful administration of a difficult and delicate post. Closure once more possible, Committee on Education Bill brisked up wonderfully. Last week HART-DYKE rather let fly at the blameless JOHN O' GORST; accused him in so many words of playing the banjo whilst national school-houses were burning. To-night, influenced by example at Reform Club, withdrew everything he had said; apologised; held out right hand of reconciliation; couldn't have behaved handsomer had JOHN O' GORST been a Liberal Leader, and he one of the "conspirators" among the party darkly alluded to by C.-B. and SQUIRE MALWOOD.

This led up to proposal that PRINCE ARTHUR should accept amendment moved by MATHER from Opposition Benches limiting operation of Bill to prolonging *statu quo* for twelve months. Never in his life was PRINCE ARTHUR so amazed, so pained. What! Should a Ministry of which he was a member, of whose views he was authorised exponent, display this weakness in face of enemy? His Majesty's Government had brought in Education Bill embodying a distinct principle, framed on definite lines. To withdraw it, to abandon it, to substitute an alternative, would be to display a weakness that would stamp them as incapable of dealing with so grave a question as national education.

SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, who remembers history of Education question under the MARKISS's Government, softly laughed. Crowded Committee looked on in admiration at PRINCE ARTHUR's indignant gestures, his flashing eyes, his anger-primed cheeks.

"Upon my word," said JAMES BRYCE, a plain Aberdeen body, "I do think he believes he has not within the last few years twice stood at that very box and abandoned two Education Bills a few months earlier introduced from the Treasury Bench, with trumpets also and shawms."

Thursday night.—What was the LORD GREAT CHAMBERLAIN going to do with the benches, the scarlet cloth coverings, the canopy over the chair of the LORD HIGH STEWARD, and eke the door mats that furnished forth the Royal Gallery for the trial of Earl RUSSELL by his peers? Something sad in meditation on the matter. Here was the heir of a historic name on trial for felony. The Peers of the United Kingdom, arrayed in scarlet cloaks, sat in pained silence. The LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR, a square cap stuck on top of his wig lending a crowning grace to his presence, was throned in state. The formula, closely studied, was strictly followed. It was a page reverently removed from early English history, and set among the magazines, the newspapers, the extra-specials of 'the twentieth

century. A solemn, stately pageant, carrying the mind back to Plantagenet times.

And here was the LORD GREAT CHAMBERLAIN, narrowly examining the texture of the crimson cloth, in his mind's eye measuring the matting, smacking his lips over the canopy above the chair of the LORD HIGH STEWARD, reckoning up how much they would fetch in the market. They were all his; perquisites belonging to his high office. As soon as the trial was over, when JOHN STANLEY, Earl RUSSELL, was led forth, to the stake at Smithfield or to the chop in Holloway Gaol as the sentence might direct, the LORD GREAT CHAMBERLAIN's varlets could swoop down on the rich carpets, the rare red cloth, and bear it away.

But as on a historical occasion RANDOLPH CHURCHILL "forgot GOSCHEN," so the LORD GREAT CHAMBERLAIN forgot AKERS-DOUGLAS. Story out to-night at Question time. "Where," SWIFT MACNEIL, envious, asked, "are the benches, the scarlet cloth covering, and the canopy of the LORD HIGH STEWARD?"

"The fittings, &c.," said the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS (note the bloodless "&c." in this connection) "are still in my possession. They have been claimed by the LORD GREAT CHAMBERLAIN, but I have disallowed the claim."

And there was an end of the matter.

"What pale, puling creatures we have become in this so-called twentieth century," says SARK. "Had ANCASTER's forbear, the Lord WILLOUGHBY who fought under EDWARD THE FIRST, yearned after this red cloth and these wooden benches, he would have just looked in and taken them, running AKERS-DOUGLAS through the body if he said him nay. Under EDWARD THE SEVENTH the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS holds up his hand, and the LORD GREAT CHAMBERLAIN slinks away to write a postcard to Whiteley's to say they needn't send for the things."

Business done.—The LORD GREAT CHAMBERLAIN's little game stopped by the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS.

#### WHAT THE SAD SEA WAVES ARE SAYING.

At Aguehoe.—Avoid this "abode for the convalescent" if you wish to escape the doctor on your return to town.

At Swindleborough-on-Sea.—Beware of the hotel "extras" and the bath in your own room at two shillings a day.

At Coffin-super-Mare.—Make your will and send it to your lawyer, and then choose a spot in the local cemetery.

At "the favourite watering-places" generally.—That you won't have much comfort unless you have a long purse. And even if you are a millionaire, you will find furnished apartments nothing like home, sweet home.

#### "CHINA MENDED."

APROPOS of the report that Chinese "progressives" intend to so far conform to Western customs as to start a popular newspaper in Hu-Nan embodying the "latest ideas in journalism," a few extracts from the Editor's diary might prove of interest:—

Interflew big pidgin 'Melican man. Callee himself a Calipaliste. Plentee dollar. Wanchee buyee everlyting. Buyee Emplor—buyee Empluss—buyee ME! But not givve mutchee for ME. Buyee allee China at a plice. He tellee me he just boughtee Sir THOMAS LIPTON and his yachttee in one job lot! Wanchee Gleast Wall of Pekin to take away to 'Melica. Me tellee him no can do. He say, "Odam, Chinaman no enterprise good-day."

Sillee season comee on. Must startee Log-roller like uller beautiful number-one sized newspapers. Gleast Sea Serpente played out. Gleast Gooseberry played out. "Is Malliage a failure?"—(Not mutchee! winkee uller eye!)—him played out too. Ha! "Why no cookee foleign devilee in boilee oil?" Good. Me will lite first letter, and signee him, "A Poor Clerk," or "Mother of Five," or "Constant Subskliver," then allee uller foollee follow pletty devilish quick.

Earlee LUSSELL keepee English Parliamentee Lords men longee time fion holiday. Parliamentee Lords men cussee swear, but no can help. Will litee big leader on him. Makee plentee copy.

Must litee article on wickedness of play Fan Tan. Me losee plentee dollar lately at Fan Tan, and me tinkee he most disgustin gamee.

Will publish spliey palaglyph about Mrs. MA-KEE-FUN, and if she blingee action for libel say I mean someone elsee.

Must say Chinesee clew won everly lace at Hen-Lee.

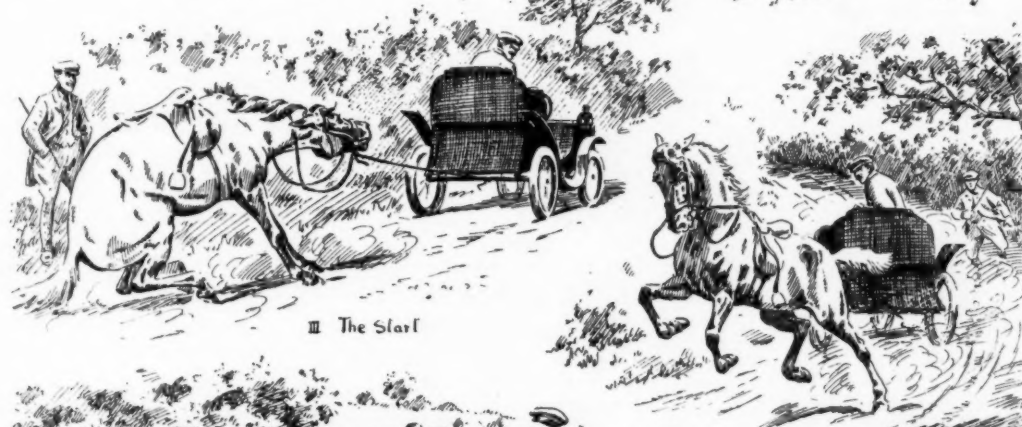
South African news. Mr. KLUGER leadee on his tloops and die in last ditch, and then he go to Holland and live happy ever afterwards. He beatee allee tloops, except Chinesey tloops—they beatee him.

Makee big scandal about Blitish soldier man, and if he callee at office with big stick, my makee him interflew the subbee editor, while my takee long walkee.

Will say something bad about Mandalin HAN-TEE. Say I see him winkee eye at little Japanese girlie. Plaps Mandalin comee here and kickee—not me but subbee-editor—while me takee anuller long walkee.

Must lite ploglessive leaders, everly day. This our ploglamme:—

- 1.—Dlive out Foleign devilees.
- 2.—Kill all we can't dlive out.
- 3.—Boil all Missionalies.
- 4.—Makee plogless back to what we were a hundled years ago.



THE AFFABLE MOTORIST AND THE SKITTISH COLT.



## MATCH-LESS BEAUTIES.

MARRIAGEABLE maidens,  
Proud beyond compare,  
Treating Master Cupid  
To a lofty stare;  
He would beg a favour,  
You have none to spare.

Slim and slender maidens,  
Beauties pert and prim,  
Attitude unbending  
Towards each handsome him!  
Slender be ye, maidens,  
But, ah, not too "slim"!

In the marriage market  
Bold men e'en are shying;  
Shy men never will the  
Marriage knot be tying.  
Will ye let Old Time be  
All your beauty buying?

Will you see the roses  
You so proudly wear  
Wasting all their sweetness  
In your haughty air—  
Drooping, spite of water  
From a truant tear?

Roses then to Cupid  
Give without delay,  
He will keep them fresh for  
Ever and a day.  
Quick! or jealous Time will  
Snatch them all away.

Pearls and corals hoarding,  
Pretty maids, beware!  
Love-entangling tresses,  
Beauties rich and rare,  
Soon, too soon, you'll rue them  
That so matchless were.

## MINISTERING ANGELS.

[A recent advertisement in the *Morning Post* announces:—"Advice and sympathy 'to be' given by a woman of the world who has had great experience: five shillings for half an hour's interview."]

If you're in a grave dilemma,  
Or should find it hard to stem a  
Tide of difficulty sweeping you away,  
It is good to know of "wimmin"  
Who such tides have learnt to swim in,  
And will give you their experience for  
pay.

Are you wedded 'neath your station?  
It will ease the situation  
To have half an hour's feminine advice;  
For tho', taken to the letter,  
It may make the case no better,  
To the spirit it is soothing, and it's nice.

And how sweet to sit confessing  
That your duns are rather pressing,  
And to note the sympathetic little shock  
Running down the spinal marrow  
Of a lady you may harrow  
For the space of thirty minutes by the  
clock.

Are you jilted by a maiden?  
Is your breast with trouble laden?  
Here is one the world has never yet  
perplexed,  
Who will share with you your burdens  
For the paltriest of guerdons,  
And be ready in a moment for the next.

Then, O man, be not dejected!  
Let your heart be re-directed  
To the memory of far more happy things;  
And 'mid long-forgotten thrillings  
You will find that five poor shillings  
Make the sorrow's crown of which the  
poet sings.



## "THE TALKING HORSES."

*First Boer Horse.* "I WONDER HOW MANY TIMES WE'VE BEEN CAPTURED?"

*Second Boer Horse.* "OH, CHUCK IT! I NEVER WAS ANY GOOD AT ARITHMETIC!"

[The interesting communication from Our Special Correspondent confirms the suspicion that many of the heavy captures of stock made by our troops have been allowed, through negligence, to fall again into the hands of the vigilant raiders.]—*Evening Standard, July 24.*

LATEST FROM PALL MALL  
AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

(Diary of a Secretary.)

*Monday.*—Member objected to the joint. Not enough gravy. Quite right. By the way, rather too hot for Paris.

*Tuesday.*—Another member said there was an imperfect supply of stationery in the Morning Room. Agree with him. Scotland is overrun with tourists.

*Wednesday.*—Member complains that the newspaper files are not kept up in the Library. Ireland just like Scotland.

*Thursday.*—Influential member of the Committee thinks that a new carpet would be just the thing for the Card Room. Agree with him. Must look up my Continental Bradshaw.

*Friday.*—At the meeting closure settled. Can get away at once.

*Saturday.*—Arrangements made with kindred establishments.

*Sunday.*—Off for my holiday! "Club closed for alterations and repairs."

## SOME BANK HOLIDAY PLANS.

BY VARIOUS DEVOTEES OF ST. LUBBOCK,  
AND OTHERS.

(History does not say whether in every case they were rigidly fulfilled.)

*L-rd S-I-sh-ry.* Will study up the technical terms of the science of betting, especially the difference between giving and receiving "tips"; practise on HUGH or the head coachman at Hatfield, so as to be ready to "take" TW-DM-TH "on" next time.

*B-sh-p of L-nd-n.* Shall drive round the Park with a carriage-load of Hooligans, afterwards having tea together in Kensington Gardens, and a dip in the Serpentine.

*Sir M. H-cks-B-ch.* Will work out some "sums" with vulgar fractions of the Opposition, and the Integral Calculus as applied to the British Empire.

*Lord Milner.* Will take a long day's sightseeing in London after protracted absence, disguised so as to avoid well-meant but overpowering ovations; visit Hotel Cecil, Twopenny Tube, Kew Tram, Punch Office (as rebuilt), the Gaps in the Strand, Her Majesty's Theatre, and other new institutions and points of interest; also refresh memory of the Zoo, Athenaeum, Tower of London, Crystal Palace, and Westminster Abbey; and forget there are such things as Boers, Pro-Boers, or return tickets.

*E-rl R-b-rts.* Hooray! Shall have a day off from opening bazaars and giving away prizes.

*Mr. Andr-w C-rn-gie.* Won't bang a sap-  
pence, not even a million for a whole  
twenty-four hours. This donating habit is  
beginning to grow upon me, and I shall  
find myself paying the War Bill next, if I  
don't look out.

*A Little Englander.* A grand opportunity for a nice quiet time wherein to produce an article denouncing "Jok" as the author of the Plague, the Boxer Massacres, the Belleville Boilers, the London Fog, Hydrophobia, Pauperism, German Bands, Italian Organ-grinders, Unpaid Bills, the "Englishwoman's L—," and all the other Ills of Life.

*An Editor of an Afternoon Paper.* Shall spend the day in bed.

*A Sensible Citizen.* Will avoid railway stations, 'buses, theatres, Hampstead Heath, and popular resorts in general; stay at home, take tea with the missus, make the kids' acquaintance, clean the bicycles, fool around with a hammer and nails, and tidy up the garden.

*His Better Half.* Everybody being out of town, shall pay off all my duty calls.

*Lord Avebury.* Travel to Southend, Brighton, Margate, and Herne Bay in excursion trains, third class.

A. A. S.



## OUR CLUB.

It is well known that the king can do no wrong. It is almost equally well known—at least, in clubs—that no House Committee can do anything right. Our House Committee is no exception to the rule.

For a long time there had been complaints of draughts upon our staircase. After considering these for months our House Committee at last decided to put up a new swing door. They waited till the winter was over and till the chilly spring was well advanced, and then they began. For days and days we, the members, fell over recumbent workmen, bags of tools, and such things, in dark corners of the hall; the early morning brought sounds of hammering, and unexpected bangs disturbed the calm silence of the afternoon. At last the door was there, a seemingly inoffensive, glazed, swing door. Then it was at once discovered that the hinges had been put at the wrong side, with the result that members going in one direction walked into the fireplace, and in the other stumbled down the back stairs.

So the House Committee considered the whole thing once more, the recumbent

superhuman force having been affixed, it was completed. The great work of our House Committee, the masterpiece of those sublime intellects, was achieved.

Still we were not satisfied. By this time the weather had become so hot at intervals that we pined for draughts. We remembered the refreshing currents of air which had prevailed all the winter, and were now shut out by the pig-

tearing the tails off his coat. They had to pull him out of his garment, and he went to the lady in a friend's overcoat that didn't fit him.

After this we thought that door would be altered again, but it wasn't, and shortly after one of us let it go unexpectedly, for he had not the strength to hold it open, and it hit another member on the head, raising such a bump that he could not wear a stiff hat for a fortnight.

Then timid members, especially after dark, got in the habit of going up the front staircase and coming down the back one, merely to avoid that door. One powerful member, fighting with it, had a new hat knocked off and utterly ruined. Another, a small, new member, was so battered about in his first attempt to get through that he has never come to our Club again.

At last our sufferings ended. The other day a member of the House Committee was caught by that door and his little finger was scratched. An extraordinary meeting of the House Committee was immediately summoned; they deliberated for nine hours and three-quarters, and then ordered up a bundle of firewood. One of them, incredibly



FATHER NEPTUNE'S BANK HOLIDAY.

A CHANCE FOR THE CHILDREN. AUGUST 5.

workmen, the bags of tools, the hammerings and the bangs came back again, and the door made its re-appearance with the hinges altered. Meanwhile the weather was gradually getting warmer, and the members forgot the draughts. We all said, of course, that the House Committee was wrong, and that the door should have been put up in August, when the Club is always closed and cleaned. But the House Committee, having started that door, devoted all their energy to the completion of it. By degrees it was painted; it was provided with handles and finger-plates, and, finally, a spring of

headed obstinacy of our House Committee.

But our sufferings did not end there, and our grumblings only began. The force of the spring on that door was so great that it needed three of the largest of us, or half-a-dozen small members, to hold the door open. One day TOMKINS rushed hastily out to welcome a lady visitor in the hall, and as he passed the demon door caught his coat and held him immovable. Members and waiters rushed to his assistance. They could not move his coat without opening the door, and they could not open the door without

reckless, tried to tackle the demon door single-handed. In the twinkling of an eye he was swept round a corner, flung down the back staircase, and picked up more dead than alive in the basement. Then the remainder of House Committee, flung themselves on the demon door and held it back, while a page-boy slipped a wedge of firewood underneath it.

Thus at last we were freed from that wooden tyrant, and it now stands, always open, helpless and forgotten. But the Club will have to pay for it all the same. So, you see, our House Committee is no better than any other.

H. D. B.



NO, THIS ISN'T A COLLECTION OF TUBERCULAR MICROBES ESCAPING FROM THE CONGRESS; BUT MERELY THE MONTGOMERY-SMITHS IN THEIR MOTOR-CAR, ENJOYING THE BEAUTIES OF THE COUNTRY.

#### DER SCHNELL-ZUG.

If you want to find a really slow train try the express of the K.k. priv. Südbahn Gesellschaft from Innsbruck to Toblach in the Tyrol. The distance, according to the infallible *Baedeker*, is 90½ miles, and the journey takes five hours. A Spanish express could hardly beat this. Even the Imperial Royal Private Southrailway Company may not be able to run a train very fast uphill, though they have an engine to pull and another to push it up the Brenner Pass, but they might try a slightly greater speed on the level ground, and even if the express stopped at every station like a Spanish express, as it does, it need not stop long enough for the engine-driver to smoke several cigarettes, or the guard to drink a *Kaffee mit Obers* with the stationmaster. And this marvellous express, travelling at the astounding average speed of eighteen miles an hour, is so ingeniously arranged by the K.k. priv. Südbahn Gesellschaft that it lands one at eight in the evening—that is, if it is only a quarter of an hour late—at the desolate station of Toblach, immediately

opposite a vast barrack, which is the hotel owned by the K.k. priv. Südbahn Gesellschaft, one of the most uncomfortable and, considering its discomfort, one of the most expensive hotels one could possibly discover. To the north it commands a magnificent view of the railway station, with a grass slope beyond, to the south there is a hill immediately outside the windows.

In this dismal spot the unhappy traveller, caught in the clutches of the K.k. priv. Südbahn Gesellschaft, must spend his time and his money, especially the latter, till the next morning, and patiently consume such tepid soup and other fragments as may remain from the *Abendessen* of the very numerous middle-class Austrians who are content to stay *en pension* in this huge shed. They are stated, and they appear, to be mostly Viennese financiers. Perhaps they prefer to be opposite a railway station in order to rush off at once to Vienna if there should be a rise or fall on the Bourse. Only, as the expresses of the Company would take about two days, at eighteen miles an hour, to

convey them there, they would probably arrive too late.

My fellow-traveller in this train was a courteous and amiable priest, who became very restless after about five hours, and paced up and down the little corridor. In the next compartment there was an officer, buttoned up in the extremely tight blue tunic of the Austrians, a tunic so tight that it suggests stays beneath it. Whenever the train stopped for an unusually long time, the priest sought out the officer and conversed with him. I imagine that he found some consolation in such forcible expressions as the soldier might apply to the K.k. priv. Südbahn Gesellschaft, but which a priest could not properly use. However, the officer got out before we reached Toblach, and the priest was going on to Trieste, with no one to speak out for him. He told me he expected to arrive at three o'clock in the morning. As that was a good many days ago, I hope his journey is ended by this time.

It must be admitted that travellers can avoid this express by taking an equally slow one at seven in the morning. Then they can also avoid the hotel. Here the crafty K.k. priv. Südbahn Gesellschaft again shows its ingenuity, for it knows that most people do not care to start at that unearthly hour. As for the slow trains of this Company, one never hears of them, and I am inclined to believe that none of them have ever reached their destination, so that no traveller has returned to tell what happened—*ce qui arriva*—but it certainly could not have been the train *qui arriva*.

#### GUESSES AT GOODWOOD.

THAT the gaiety of the past will be reserved for the future.

That many a house-party will be conspicuous by its absence.

That the frocks at Goodwood will have more colour than the gowns of Ascot.

That Petworth and Arundel will lack representatives.

That Cowdray Park, Castle Goring, and Burton Park will be pleasantly in evidence.

That cold *consommé* will figure in the *menu* of the luncheon parties.

That the Army will be remembered in connection with certain regimental coaches.

That there will be a few "good things" that will come off, and a "cert." or two that will cause disappointment and indignation.

That a Glass Jug may prove on the Thursday to be worth £2800.

That much gold may come to Brassey.

That if the Clerk of the Weather attends to his duty with proper courtesy, this meeting will be a delightful one.

That the remainder of the "guesses" will be supplied by the Brigade that hails from the Occidental side of the Atlantic.